Spare-Minutes;
OR,
RESOLVED MEDITATIONS
AND
PREMEDITATED RESOLVTIONS.

Written by ARTHVR WARVVICK.

——Ego cur acquirere pauca
Si possim invideor;

The seventh Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *G.M.* for *Walter Hammond* and are to be sold by *Francis Eglesfield* in *Paules* Church-yard at the signe of the Marigold. 1640.

1/10

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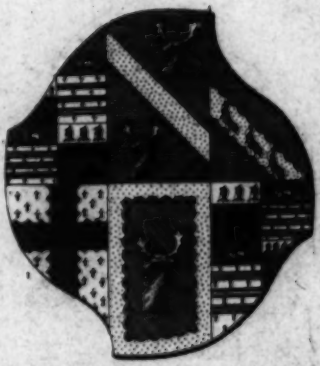


Frances Mary Richardson
Currer.

The mind of the Frontiſpiece

Death puft this *Light*; and his earth-baniſht Flame
Flew up to heav'n, and ſo a *Starre* became;
Death cropt this *Roſe-buſh*, and the Roſes were
Snatcht up to heav'n, and made a *Garland* there:
But here's a *Pillar* ſhall ſtand firme and faſt,
When Fate ſhall want a *Knife*; and Death, a *Blaſt*:
This *Pillar* ſhall keepe freſh his *Urne*, his *Name*,
Till *Flow'rs* forget to breathe; and *Fire* to flame.

F. Q.

RESOLVED
Meditations written
by
Ar. Warwicke.
Libellus
posthumus
1648

SPIRITUAL NUMBERS;

OR

RESOLVED MEDITATIONS

AND

PREMEDITATED RESOLUTIONS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON,

Printed by [illegible] and are to be sold by Paul Church-yard at the Angel. 1640.

TO
THE RIGHT
Worſhipfull, My
much Honoured
Friend, S^r. *William*
Dodington Knight,
all health and
happineſſe.

Right Worſhipfull,

I *Will not make an over-large gate to my little City: A*

short Epistle best suites with so small a volume, and both fitly resemble your knowledge of mee, and mine acquaintance with you, short and small. But a mite freely given, makes a poore widow liberall: and in this Present, poore, like my habilities, is a thankfullnesse, infinite, like your deservings. To speake much, might bee thought flattery; to say nothing would

would be knowne ingratitude: I must therfore be short, I may not bee silent. The happy fortune of my tongue hath incouraged my penne: and I humbly crave in the one, what I favourably found in the other, a courteous acceptance. Which if you please to add to your former favours, and my happinesse, I shall have just cause to rest

Your Worships truly devoted

ARTHVR WARVVICK.

RESOLVED *Meditations* AND *PREMEDITATED* Resolutions.

IT is the over curious ambition of many, to be best or to be none: if they

they may not doe so well as they would, they will not doe so well as they may. I will doe my best to doe the best, and what I want in power, supply in will. Thus whiles I pay in part, I shall not bee a debtor for all. He owes most that payes nothing.

PRide is the greatest enemy to reason, and discretion the greatest opposite to pride. For whiles wisedome makes *art* the *ape* of nature, pride

pride makes nature the ape of art. The Wiſe-man ſhapes his apparell to his body, the proud man ſhapes his body by his apparell. 'Tis no marvell then, if hee know not himſelfe, when hee is not to day like him he was yeſter-day: and leſſe marvell, if good men will not know him, when hee forgets himſelfe, and all goodneſſe. I ſhould feare, whileſt I thus change my ſhape, leaſt my Maker ſhould change his opinion: and finding mee not like him hee made

they may not doe ſo well as they would, they will not doe ſo well as they may. I will doe my beſt to doe the beſt, and what I want in power, ſupply in will. Thus whiles I pay in part, I ſhall not bee a debtor for all. He owes moſt that payes nothing.

PRide is the greateſt enemy to reaſon, and diſcretion the greateſt oppoſite to pride. For whiles wiſedome makes *art* the *ape* of nature, pride

pride makes nature the ape of art. The Wiſeman ſhapes his apparell to his body, the proud man ſhapes his body by his apparell. 'Tis no marvell then, if hee know not himſelfe, when hee is not to day like him he was yeſterday: and leſſe marvell, if good men will not know him, when hee forgets himſelfe, and all goodneſſe. I ſhould feare, whileſt I thus change my ſhape, leaſt my Maker ſhould change his opinion: and finding mee not like him hee made

made mee, reject mee, as none of his making. I would any day put off the old cauſe of my apparell, but not every day put on new faſhioned apparell. I ſee great reaſon, to bee aſhamed of my pride, but no reaſon, to bee proud of my ſhame.

THe reaſon that many men want their deſires, is, becauſe their deſires want reaſon. He may doe what hee will, that

that will doe but what he may.

I Should marvell that the Coverous man can ſtill bee poore, when the Rich man is ſtill covetous, but that I ſee, a poore man can bee content, when the contented man is onely rich: the one wanting in his ſtore, whiles the other is ſtored in his wants. I ſee then, wee are not rich or poore, by what wee poſſeſſe, but by what we deſire. For he

hee is not rich that hath much, but hee that hath enough: nor hee poore that hath but little, but hee that wants more. If GOD then make mee rich by store, I will not impoverish my selfe by covetousnesse: but if hee make mee poore by want, I will enrich my selfe by content.

HYpocrisie desires to seeme good rather than to be so: honestie desires to be good rather

ther than seeme so. The worldlings purchase reputation by the sale of desert, wisemen buy desert with the hazard of reputation. I would doe much to heare well, more to deserve well, and rather loose opinion then merit. It shall more joy mee, that I know my selfe what I am, than it shall grieve me to heare what others report mee. I had rather deserve well without praise, than doe ill with commendation.

A Coward in the field is like the *Wisemans* foole: his heart is at his mouth, and hee doth not know what hee does professe: but a Coward in his faith is like a foole in his wisedome; his mouth is in his heart, and hee dares not professe what hee does know. I had rather not know the good I should doe, than not do the good I know. It is better to bee beaten with few stripes, than with many.

Each

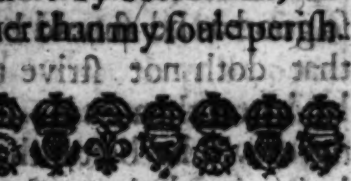
EAch true Christian is a right traveller: his life his walke, CHRIST his way, and Heaven his home. His walke painfull, his way perfect, his home pleasing. I will not loyter, least I come short of home: I will not wander, least I come wide of home, but bee content to travell hard, and be sure I walke right. so shall my safe way find its end at home, and my painfull walke make my home welcome.

As

AS is a wound to the body; so is a sinfull body to the soule: the body indangered till the wound bee cured, the soule not sound till the bodies sin be healed, and the wound of neither can bee cured without dressing, nor dressed without smarting. Now as the smart of the wound is recompensed by the cure of the body: so is the punishment of the body sweetned by the health of the soule.

Let

Let my wound smart by dressing, rather than my body die; Let my body smart by correction, rather than my soule perish.



It is some hope of goodnesse not to grow worse: It is a part of badnesse not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the sparke, and strive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodnesse, I should, it is not too much; why should I make it lesse? If I keepe

keepe the goodnesse I have 'tis not enough: Why doe I not make it more? Hee ne're was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be better than he is: He never will be better than he is, that doth not feare to bee worse then hee was.

HEalth may be enjoyed; sicknesse must be indured: one body is the object of both, one God the Author of both. If then hee give mee

me health, I will thankfully enjoy it, and not thinke it too good, since it is his mercy that bestowes it: if hee send sickneſſe, I will patiently indure it, and not thinke it too great, since it is my sinne that deserves it. If in health, I will strive to preserve it by praising of him: if in sickneſſe, I will strive to remove it, by praying to him. Hee shall bee my GOD in sickneſſe and in health, and my trust shall bee in him in health and in sickneſſe. So in my health,

I

I ſhall not need to feare ſickneſſe, nor in any ſickneſſe deſpaire of health.

IT is the uſuall plea of poverty to blame miſ-fortune, when the ill finiſhed cauſe of complaint is a worke of their owne forging. I will either make my fortunes good, or bee content they are no worſe. If they are not ſo good, as I would they ſhould have beene, they are not ſo bad, as I know they might have beene. What though

though I am not so happy as I desire: 'Tis well I am not so wretched as I deserve.

THere is nothing to be gotten by the worlds love, nothing to be lost (but its love) by its hate. Why then should I seeke that love that cannot profit mee, or feare that malice that cannot hurt mee? If I should love it, for loving mee, GOD would hate mee, for loving it, If I loath it for hating

mee, it cannot hurt mee for loathing it. Let it then hate mee, and I will forgive it, but if it love mee, I will never requite it. For since its love is hurtfull, and its hate harmeleſſe, I will contemne its hate, and hate its love.

AS there is a folly in wit, so there is a wisdome in ignorance. I would not bee ignorant in a necessary knowledge, nor wise above wisedome. If I know enough

enough. I am wiſe enough, If I ſeeke more, I am fooliſh.

IT's no marvell that man hath loſt his rule over the creature, when hee would not be ruled by the will of the Creator. Why ſhould they feare man, when man would not obey GOD? I could wiſh no creature had power to hurt mee, I am glad ſo many creatures are ordained to helpe me. If GOD allow enough to ſerve me,

I will not expect that all should feare me.

NO affliction (for the time) seemes joyous, all time in affliction seemes tedious. I will compare my miseries on earth with my joyes in Heaven, and the length of my miseries, with its eternity, so shall my journey seeme short, and my burthen easie.

There

THere is nothing more certaine than death, nothing more uncertaine than the time of dying. I will therefore be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, muſt come at one time or another. I ſhall not haſten my death by being ſtill ready, but ſweeten it. It makes me not die the ſooner, but the better.

THe commendation of a bad thing, is his ſhortneſſe, of a good thing its continuance: it were happy for the damned, if their torments knew end, 'tis happier for the Saints that their joyes are eternall. If man, that is borne of a woman, be full of miſery, 'tis well that he hath but a ſhort time to live: if his life be a walke of paine, its a bleſſing, that his daies are but a ſpanne long.

Happy

Happy miſeries that end in joy: happy joyes that know no end: happy end that diſſolves to eternity.

HAd I not more confidence in the truth of my Saviour, than in the traditions of men, poverty might ſtagger my faith, and bring my thoughts into a perplexed Purgatory. Wherein are the poore bleſſed, if pardon ſhall bee purchaſed onely by expenſe? Or how is it

hard for a rich man to enter into Heaven, if money may buy out the past, present and future sinnes of himselfe, his deceased and succeeding progeny? If Heaven bee thus sold, what benefit has my poverty by the price already paid? I find no happinesse in Roome on earth. 'Tis happinesse for me to have Roome in Heaven.

There

THere is no eſtate of life ſo happy in this world, as to yeeld a Chriſtian the perfection of content: and yet there is no ſtate of life ſo wretched in this world, but a Chriſtian muſt be content with it. Though I can have nothing here that may give mee true content, yet I will learne to bee truely contented here with what I have. What care I though I

have not much, I have as much as I desire, if I have as much as I want, I have as much as the most, if I have as much as I desire.

IT is the greatest of all sinnes alway to continue in sinne. For where the custome of sinning waxeth greater the conscience for sinne growes the lesse: it is easier to quench a sparke, then a fire; I had rather breake the Cockatri-

Cockatrices egge, then kill the Serpent. O daughter of *Babylon*, happy ſhall hee bee that taketh thy children whileſt they are young and daſheth them againſt the ſtones.

NAture bids mee love my ſelfe and hate all that hurt mee, Reaſon bids me love my friends and hate thoſe that envie mee, Religion bids mee love all and hate none. Nature ſheweth care, Reaſon

ſon wit, Religion love. Nature may induce mee, Reaſon perſwade mee, but Religion ſhall rule mee. I will hearken to Nature in much, to Reaſon in more, to Religion in all. Nature ſhall make mee carefull of my ſelfe, but hatefull to none; Reaſon ſhall make mee wiſe for my ſelfe, but harmeleſſe to all; Religion ſhall make mee loving to all, but not careleſſe of my ſelfe. I may heare the former, I will hearken onely to the latter. I ſubſcribe to

ſome

ſome things in all, to all things in Religion.

ABundance is a trouble, want a miſery, honour a burthen, baſeneſe a ſcorne, advancements dangerous, diſgrace odious. Onely a Competent eſtate yeelds the quiet of content. I will not climbe, leaſt I fall, nor lye in the ground, leaſt I am trod on. I am ſafeſt whiles my legges beare me. A competent heate is

is moſt healthfull for my body, I would deſire neither to freeze nor to burne.

A Large promiſe without performance is like a falſe fire to a great Peece, which diſchargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will fore-thinke what I will promiſe, that I may promiſe but what I will doe. Thus whileſt my words are led by my thoughts, and followed by my actions,

ons, I ſhall bee carefull in my promiſes, and juſt in their performance. I had rather doe and not promiſe, than promiſe and not doe.

THE good meaner hath two tongues, the Hypocrite a double tongue. The good mans heart ſpeakes without his tongue, the Hypocrites tongue without his heart. The good man hath oftentimes GOD in his heart,

heart, when in his mouth there is no GOD mentioned: the Hypocrite hath GOD often in his mouth, when the foole hath ſaid in his heart *there is no GOD.* I may ſooneſt heare the tongue, but ſafeſt the heart, the tongue ſpeaketh lowdeſt, but the heart trueſt.

THe ſpeech of the tongue is beſt known to men: GOD beſt underſtands the language of the heart: the heart with

without the tongue may pierce the eares of Heaven, the tongue without the heart ſpeakes an unknowne language. No marvell then if the deſires of the poore are heard, when the prayers of the wicked are unregarded. I had rather ſpeake three words in a ſpeech that GOD knowes, then pray three houres in a language he underſtands not.

Medi-

MEditation is the wombe of our actions, Action the Mid-wife of our Meditations. A good and perfect conception, if it want ſtrength for the birth, periſheth in the wombe of the mind, and, if it may be ſaid to be borne, it muſt be ſaid to be ſtill-borne: a bad and imperfect conception, if it hath the happineſſe of a birth, yet the mind is but delivered of a burthen of imperfections, in the per-

perfection of deformity, which may beg with the criple at the gate of the Temple, or periſh through its imperfections. If I meditate what's good to be done, and doe not the good I have meditated, I looſe my labour, and make curſt my knowledge. If I doe the thing that is good, and intend not that good that I doe, it is a good action, but not well done. Others may injoy ſome benefit, I deſerve no commendations. Reſolution without action is a ſloathfull folly,

ly, Action without resolution is a foolish rashnesse. First know whats good to be done, then do that good being knowne. If forecast be not better than labour, labour is not good without forecast. I would not have my actions done without knowledge, nor against it.

IT is the folly of affection not to reprehend my erring friend, for feare of his anger: it is the abstract of folly, to be

be angry with my friend for my errors reprehension. I were not a friend, if I should see my friend out of the way, and not advise him: I were unworthy to have a friend, if hee should advise mee (being out of the way) and I bee angry with him. Rather let mee have my friends anger than deserve it; rather let the righteous smite mee friendly by reproofe, than the pretious oyle of flattery, or connivence, breake my head. It is a folly to flie ill-

will

will, by giving a juſt cauſe of hatred, I thinke him a truer friend that deſerves my love, than he that deſires it.

WHen Children meet with primroſes, nuts, or apples in their way, I ſee thoſe pleaſures are oftimes occaſions to make them loyter in their errands, ſo that they are ſure to have their Parents diſpleaſure; and oftimes their late returne findes a barr'd

barr'd entrance to their home, whereas thoſe who meete with dangers in the way, make haſte in their journey, and their ſpeede makes them welcomed, with commendation. Nature hath ſent mee abroad into the world, and I am every day travelling homeward: If I meete with ſtore of miſeries in my way, diſcretion ſhall teach me a religious haſte in my journey: And if I meete with pleaſures, they ſhall pleaſure mee onely by putting mee in

in minde of my pleasures at home, which shall teach mee to scorne these, as worse than trifles. I will never more reckon a troublesome life, a curse, but a blessing. A pleasant journey is deere bought with the losse of home.

WHen I see the fisher bait his hook, I thinke on Satans subtile malice, who sugars over his poysoned hookes with seeming plea-

pleasures. Thus *Eves* Apple was candied with divine knowledge, *yee shall bee as gods knowing good and evill.* When I see the fish fast hang'd, I thinke upon the covetous Worldling, who leapes at the profit without considering the danger. Thus *Achan* takes the gold and the garment and ne're considers that his life must answer it. If Satan bee such a fisher of men, its good to looke before wee leape. Honey may bee eaten, so that wee take heede of the sting:

I will honestly enjoy my delights, but not buy them with danger.

I See, when I have but a short journey to travell, I am quickly at home, soone out of the paine of my travell, soone into the possession of my rest. If my life bee but my walke, and Heaven my home, why should I desire a long journey? Indeed knowing my home so pleasant, I would not bee weary with a long walke,

waste, but yet the shorter my journey, the sooner my rest.

[redacted]

I cannot see two saw-yers worke nat the pit, but they put mee in minde of the Phariſee and the Publican: the one casts his eye upward, whiles his actions tend to the pit infernall: the other standing with a dejected Countenance, whiles his hands and heart move upward. 'Tis not a shame to make

shew of our profession, so wee truely professe what wee make shew of. But of the two, I had rather bee good, and not seeme so, than seeme good, and not be so. The Publican went home to his house rather justified then the Pharisee.

WHen I thinke on the Eagles carying up of the shell-fish into the ayre, onely to the end hee may breake him

him by his fall, it puts mee in minde of the divels costly courtesies, who out of the bounty of his subtilty, is still ready to advance us to destruction. Thus more then once hee dealt with my Redeemer, no sooner had he raisd him to the top of an high pinacle, but straight followes, *cast thy selfe downe*; and having placed him on an high mountaine, let him *fall downe*, and hee shall bee largely rewarded with his owne. If advancement be so dan-

gerous, I will take heed of being ambitious. Any estate shall give me content: I am high enough if I can stand upright.

WHen I see leaves drop from their trees, in the beginning of Autumne, just such, thinke I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarme in abundance, but in the winter of my need, they leave me na-

ked.

ked. Hee is an happy man that hath a true friend at his need: but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

I Should wonder, that the unsatiable desires of ambition can finde no degree of content, but that I see they seeke a perfection of honour on earth, when the fullnesse of glory is onely in Heaven. The honour on earth is full of degrees, but no degree

admits a perfection: Whereas the glory of Heaven admits of degrees, but each degree affoords a fullneſſe. Heere, one may bee lower then another in honour, and yet the higheſt want a glory: There, though one Starre differs from another in glory, yet in the fullneſſe of glory they all ſhine as Starres. Heere the greateſt may want; there the leaſt hath enough: Heere, all the earth may not bee enough for one; There, one Heaven is enough for

for all? LORD let me rather be least there, without honour here, then the greatest here, without glory there. I had rather be a doore-keeper in that house, then a ruler in these tents.

WHen I see the heavenly Sunne buried under earth in the evening of the day, and in the morning to find a resurrection to his glory, Why (thinke I) may not the Sonnes of Hea-

ven buried in the earth, in the evening of their daies, expect the morning of their glorious Resurrection? Each night is but the past daies funerall, and the morning his resurrection: Why then should our funerall sleepe bee other then our sleepe at night? Why should wee not as well awake to our Resurrection, as in the morning? I see night is rather an intermission of day, then a deprivation, and death rather borrowes our life of us then robbs us of it.

Since

Since then the glory of the Sunne findes a Resurrection, why should not the ſonnes of glory? Since a dead man may live againe, I will not ſo much looke for an end of my life, as waite for the comming of my change.

I See, that candle yeelds mee ſmall benefit at day, which at night much ſteeds mee: and I know, the cauſe is not becauſe the candles light was leſſe

as

at day, but because the daies light is lesse in the evening. As my friends love to mee, so mine to my friend may be at all times alike; but wee best see it, when wee most need it: and that, not because our love is then greater, but our want. Though then I welcome a courtesie according to my want, yet I will value a courtesie according to its worth. That my fortunes need not my friends courtesie, is my happinesse: should my happinesse sleight my friends

friends courtesie, 'twere my folly.

I See that candle makes small shew in the day which at night yeelds a glorious lustre, not because the candle was then more light, but because the ayre hath then more darkenesse. How prejudicial then is that ambition, which makes me seeme lesse then I am, by presuming to make mee greater then I should bee. They whose glo-

ry

ry, ſhines as the ſparkes amongſt ſtubble, looſe their light, if compared to the Sonne of glory. I will not ſeat my ſelfe higher then my place, leaſt I ſhould bee diſgraced to an humility; but if I place my ſelfe lower then my ſeat, I may be advanced to the honour of, *Friend ſit up higher*, I had rather be exalted by my humility, then be brought low by my exaltation.

I

I See that candle which is as a Sunne in the darkeneſſe, is but as a darkeneſſe in the Sunne: the candle not more lightning the nights darkeneſſe, then the Sunne darkening the candles light. I will take heed then of contention, eſpecially with great ones. As I may bee too ſtrong for the weaker; ſo I muſt bee too weake for the ſtronger. I cannot ſo eaſily vanquiſh mine inferi-

ors,

ors, but my ſuperiors may as eaſily conquer mee: I will do much to be at peace with all men, but ſuffer much ere I contend with a mighty man.

I See when I follow my ſhadow it flies me, When I flie my ſhadow it followes me: I know pleaſures are but ſhadowes, which hold no longer then the ſun-ſhine of my fortunes. Leaſt then my pleaſures ſhould forſake mee, I will for-

ſake

ſake them. Pleaſure moſt flies me when I moſt follow it.

It is not good to ſpeake evill of all whom wee know bad: it is worſe to judge evill of any, who may prove good. To ſpeake ill upon knowledge, ſhewes a want of charity: to ſpeake ill upon ſuſpition ſhewes a want of honeſty. I will not ſpeake ſo bad as I know of many: I will not ſpeake worſe then

then I know of any. To know evill by others, and not speake it, is sometimes discretion: to speake evill by others, and not know it, is alway dishonesty. Hee may bee evill himselfe who speakes good of others upon knowledge, but hee can never bee good himselfe, who speakes evill of others upon suspition.

A

A Bad great one is a great bad one. For the greatnesse of an ill man, makes the mans evill the greater. It is the unhappy priviledge of authority, not so much to act, as teach wickednesse, and by a liberall cruelty, to make the offendors sinns not more his owne then theirs. Each fault in a leader is not so much a crime, as a rule for error: And their vices are made,

made, (if not warrants, yet) presidents for evill. To sinne by prescription, is as habituall as damnable: and men runne post in their journey, when they goe to the divell with lucherity. When then the vices of the Rulers of others, are made the rules for vices to others, the offences of all great ones must needs bee the greatest of all offences. Either then let mee bee great in goodnesse, or else it were good for mee to bee without greatnesse. My owne sinnes

sinnes are all burthen-
hevie for mee, why
then should I lade my
selfe with others offen-
ces.

TO speake all that is
true, is the property
of fooles: to speake
more then is true, is
the folly of ——— too
many. Hee that spends
all that is his owne,
is an unthrifty prodi-
gall: Hee that spends
more then his owne,
is a dishoneft unthrift:
I may sometimes know
what

what I will not utter, I must never utter what I do not know. I should be loath to have my tongue so large as my heart, I would scorne to have my heart lesse then my tongue. For if to speake all that I know, shewes too much folly, to speake more then I know shewes too little honesty.

IT is the ambitious folly of too many, to imitate

imitate rather greatneſſe then goodneſſe. They will ſooner follow the example of their Lord, then the precepts of their GOD. I will alway honour greatneſſe, I will onely imitate goodneſſe; and rather doe good without a patterne, then commit evill in imitation. 'Tis better to bee ſaved without a preſident, then to be damned by example.

There

THere is no security in evill society, where the good are often made worse, the bad seldome better. For it is the peevish industry of wickednesse, to finde, or make a fellow. 'Tis like, they will bee birds of a feather, that use to flocke together. For such commonly doth their conversation make us, as they are with whom wee use to converse.

I

I cannot be certaine, not to meet with evill company, but I will be carefull, not to keepe with evill company. I would willingly sort my selfe with such, as should either teach, or learne goodnesse: and if my companion cannot make mee better, nor I him good, I will rather leave him ill, then hee shall make me worse.

D To

TO teach goodneſſe is the greateſt praiſe, to learne goodneſſe, the greateſt profit. Though hee bee wiſeſt that can teach, yet he that doth learne is wiſer. I will not therefore bee unwilling to teach, nor aſhamed to learne. I cannot bee ſo ignorant, but I may teach ſomewhat, nor ſo wiſe but I may learne more. I will therefore teach what I know, and learne what I know not. Though

it bee a greater praise to teach, then to learne, yet it is a lesser shame to learne then to be ignorant.

AS there is a misery in want, so there is a danger in excesse. I would therefore desire neither more nor lesse, then enough. I may as well die of a surfet as of hunger.

IT is the apish nature of many, to follow rather example then precepts: but it would bee the safest course of all, to learne rather by precept then example. For thet's many a good Divine that cannot learne his owne teaching. It is easier to say this doe, then to doe it. When therefore I see good doctrine with an evill life, I may pitty the one, but I will practise only

onely the other. The good sayings belong to all, the evill actions only to their authors.

THere are two things necessary for a Traveller, to bring him to the end of his journey: a knowledge of his way, a perseverance in his walke. If hee walke in a wrong way, the faster hee goes the further hee is from home: if hee sit still in a right way, he may know his home, but he're come

to it: Discreet stayes make speedy journeyes. I will first then know my way, ere I begin my walke: the knowledge of my way is a good part of my journey. Hee that faints in the execution looseth the glory of the action. I will therefore not onely know my way, but also goe on in my way: I had rather my journey should want a beginning, then come to an untimely end. If Heaven bee my home, and CHRIST my way, I will learne to know

know my way, ere I haſte to travell to my home. Hee that runs haſtily in a way hee knowes not, may come ſpeedily to an home hee loves not. If CHRIST be my way, and Heaven my home, I will rather indure my painefull walke, then want my perfect reſt. I more eſteeme my home then my journey; my actions ſhall bee led by knowledge, my knowledge be followed by my actions. Ignorance is a bad mother to devotion, and idleneſſe a bad ſteward

to knowledge.

I Cannot but wonder at the folly of those hearts, who are like to kill themselves with the feare of dying, making the newes of an insuing mischiefe, a worse mischiefe then that they have newes of: whereas the foreknowledge of an approaching evill, is a benefit of no small good. For if it cannot teach us to prevent it by providence, it

it may ſhew us, how to ſuſtaine it by patience. I may grieve with the ſmart of an evill, as ſoone as I feele it: But I will not ſmart with the griefe of an evill as ſoone as I heare of it. My evill when it commeth may make my griefe too great, why then ſhould my griefe before it comes make my evill greater?

AS I see in the body, so I know in the soule, they are oft most desperately sicke, who are least sensible of their disease: whereas hee that feares each light wound for mortall, seekes a timely cure, and is healed. I will not reckon it my happinesse, that I have many sores, but since I have them, I am glad they greeve mee. I know the cure is not the more dangerous, be-

becauſe my wounds are more grievous; I ſhould be more ſicke if I plained leſſe.

IT is one, not of the leaſt evils, not to avoid the appearance of evill, which oft makes the innocent juſtly puniſhed with undeſerved ſuſpition. I would deſire to bee thought good, but yet I had rather bee ſo. It is no ſmall happineſſe to bee free from ſuſpicion, but a greater to bee void of offence. I would

would willingly bee neither evill nor suspected: but of the two I had rather bee suspected and not deserve it, then deserve evill and not be suspected.

I Know but one way to Heaven, I have but one Mediator in Heaven, even one Christ: and yet I heare of more waies, more Mediators. Are there then more Christs? *Are the Lords waies as your waies*, that wee must goe to the King of Heaven as unto

unto a King on earth? Or if wee must, yet if my King bid mee come shall I send an other? If he bid me come unto him, shall I goe unto another? If hee bid me aske for peace onely in the name of the Prince of peace, why should I mention the Lady Mary? If I shall bee heard onely in the name of his Sonne, why should I use the name of his servants? Were it a want of manners, or a want of obedience to come when I am bid? Is another better, or am I too

good

good to goe in mine owne errands to the Almighty? Becauſe the Sonne was worſe uſed then the ſervants on earth, ſhall the ſervants therefore bee ſooner heard then the Sonne in Heaven? There are ſtill unjuſt Husband-men in the Lords vineyard, who not onely abuſe the ſervants, but kill againe the Sonne, and rob him of his due inheritance. When the LORD therefore of the Vineyard commeth, what will hee doe to theſe Husband-men? I doe not envie your

your glory yee Saints of GOD, yet I will not attribute the glory of my GOD to his Saints. How shall my GOD glorifie me, if I should give his glory to another?

TO be without passion, is worse then a beast, to be without reason, is to bee lesse then a man. Since I can bee without neither, I am blessed, in that I have both. For, if it be not against reason to be passionate, I wil not

not be passionate against reason. I will both grieve and joy, if I have reason for it, but not joy nor grieve above reason. I will so joy at my good as not to take evill by my joy: so grieve at any evill as not to increase my evill by my griefe. For it is not a folly to have passion, but to want reason. I would bee neither senseless, nor beastly.

It

IT is the folly of wit in some to take paines to trimme their labours in obscurity. It is the ignorance of learning in others, to labour to deveſt their paine by bluntneſſe; the one thinking hee never ſpeakes wiſely, till he goes beyond his owne, and all mens underſtandings: the other thinking hee never ſpeakes plainely, till hee dive beneath the ſhalloweſt apprehenſion. I as little affect curioſity

riosity in the one, as I care for the affectation of baldneſſe in the other. I would not have the pearle of Heavens Kingdome ſo curiouſly ſet in gold, as that the art of the workeman ſhould hide the beauty of the jewell: nor yet ſo sleightly valued, as to bee ſet in lead: or ſo beaſtly uſed as to be ſlubbered with dust. I know the pearle (how ever placed) ſtill retaines its vertue. yet I had rather have it ſet in gold, then ſeeke it in a dung-hill. Neat apparell is an ornament

nament to the body, but a disgrace, if either proud or slovenly.

I See corruption so largely rewarded, that I doubt not, but I should thrive in the world, could I get but a dispensation of my conscience for the liberty of trading. A little flattery would get mee a great deale of favour, and I could buy a world of this worlds love, with the sale of this little trifle *Honesty*. Were this

world my home, I might perhaps be trading: but alas, these merchandize yeeld lesse then nothing in Heaven. I would willingly be at quiet with the world, but rather at peace with my conscience. The love of men is good, whiles it lasteth, the love of God is better being everlasting. Let me then trade for those heavenly merchandize: if I finde these other in my way, they are a great deale more then I looke for, and (within little) more then I care for.

As

AS faith is the evidence of things not seene: so things that are seene are the perfecting of faith. I beleeve a tree will be greene, when I see him leaveleſſe in winter: I know he is green when I see him flouriſhing in ſummer. It was a fault in *Thomas* not to beleeve til he did ſee. It were a madneſſe in him not to beleeve, when he did ſee. Beleefe may ſometime exceed reaſon, not oppoſe it, and faith bee often above

above ſenſe not againſt it. Thus whiles faith doth aſſure mee that I eate CHRIST effectually, ſenſe muſt aſſure me that I taſte bread really. For though I oftentimes ſee not thoſe things that I beleeve, yet I muſt ſtill beleeve thoſe things that I ſee.

THere is none ſo innocent as not to be evill ſpoken of, none ſo wicked as to want all commendation. There are too many who condemne the juſt

just, and not a few who justifie the wicked. I oft heare both envy and flattery speaking falsehoods of my selfe to my selfe, and may not the like tongues performe the like taskes of others to others? I will know others by what they doe themselves, but not learn my selfe by what I heare of others. I will be carefull of mine own actions, not credulous of others relations.

The

THe Crosse is but a signe of CHRIST Crucified, CHRIST Crucified the substance of this Crosse, The signe without the substance is as nothing, the substance without the signe is all things. I hate not the signe, though I adore but the substance. I will not blaspheme the Crosse of CHRIST, I will not worship but CHRIST Crucified. I will take up my *Crosse*, I will love my

my *Crosse*, I will beare my *Crosse*, I will imbrace my *Crosse*, yet not adore my *Crosse*. All knees shall bend in reverence to his name, mine never bow in Idolatry to his Image.

IT is the nature of man to be proud, when man by nature hath nothing to be proud of. Hee more adorneth the Creature, then hee adoreth the *Creator*: and makes, not onely his belly his god,

but his body. I am ashamed of their glory, whose *glory is their shame*. If nature will needs have mee to bee proud of something, I will be proud onely of this, that I am proud of nothing.

AS the Giver of all things, so each receiver loveth a cheerefull giver. For a bargaine is valued by the worth of the thing bought, but a gift by the minde

minde of the party giving: which made the Widowes mite of more worth, then the riches of *superfluitie*. I see then, hee gives not best that gives most, but hee gives most, that gives best. If then I cannot give bountifully, yet I will give freely, and what I want in my hand, supply by my heart. Hee gives well, that gives willingly.

I See at a Feast, that others feed heartily on that dish which perhaps would not suite with my appetite, whilest I make as good a meale on those cates, that perhaps their palats could not relish. I will not therefore thinke I doe well because my actions please not others, nor bee confident that my actions are good, because my doings please my selfe: but bee

more

more carefull to provide what is good at a feaſt, then what's delightfull: and more ſtudy to expreſſe what is honeſt in my actions, then what's pleaſing. So, if ſicke ſtomackes cannot réliſh my ſound meates, the fault ſhall light on their ill appetites: and if unſeaſoned judgements like not my honeſt intentions, the fault ſhall fall on their ill reliſhed apprehenſions. It would pleaſe mee well to have praiſe when I deſerve it;

but joy mee more to deserve praise when I have it.

FINIS.

A briefe Elogium upon this Author, and his pious Meditations, with allusion to this Emblematicall Frontispiece,

by GEO: WITHER.

INflam'd with *Love*, and *winged* with Desire,
This pious *Heart*, in life-time, did aspire
Above the *world*; and with a true *delight*,
Enjoy'd the *Day-time*, and emploid the *Night*,
In climbing nearer to that THREE-IN-ONE,
Who filleth all things, and, is fild of none.
The LAVV's mysterious *Night*, the GOSPEL's *day*
AFFLICTIONS *Moone-shine*, and, the *Sunnie-ray*
Of prosperous HOPES, did limit out that *path*,
Through which, his *Contemplation* mounted hath;
And, up above their COLVMNS, made him rise,
Apleased, and a pleasing *Sacrifice*.
From out of his dead *Embers*, raked were
A few quick *Sparklings*; which, have kindled, here,
These *Papers*; and, were left behind, to shew
Which *way*, his well-disposed SPIRIT flew:
And, that their FLAME, to others, may derive
The *light*, and *heat* of this CONTEMPLATIVE.
Accept (as GOD hath done) this *Broken heart*:
For, ev'ry *parcell*, yeelds (from ev'ry *part*)
A bright-reflection of his *living-Graces*,
In just so many perfect *Looking-glasses*,
As here are *Peeces*; and, yee may by *these*,
Put on faire VERTVES *dressings*, if you please.

Non Implebitur
DIE ac
Mundo TITVLIS
RESOLVED MEDITATIONS
& Meditated Resolutions
Written by
A.W.
Enlarged
1640
LON- DON,
Printed for Walter Hammond
Spargit post funera
pauces
Non Despicit
Nō Respicit
Sculptus F. T. Clarke Sat.

Loquela Emblematici Frontiſpicij, in obſequium Inventoris & piam Authoris memoriam ſuggeſta.

Accenſus radijs, zeloq́ agitante levatus,
In cœlum geminis, flammâ ocyus, evolat, alis
Igne rapax, Animus; mundiq́ nitentia tangit
Lumina, Nubigenis, variata, & nixa, Columnis,
Surſum contendens, ſummæq́ Volumina Legis
Secum, adamanda, verenda, Dieq́ ac Nocte revolvit.
Hæc, alto ſenſu: Mundo, TITULISq́ relictis.
Non illum, DUX SOLIS, amatiq́ arbiter Ortûs
Deſpicit, afflictum: cum mens divulſa ſatiſcit,
Cordaq́ dividuo perrumpit Malleus ictu.
Si ſilices geſtat, ſolidoq́ Adamante rigeſcens
Effugit inſultus, & ſævi verbera motûs;
LUNÆ LUX, illum non reſpicit, alma rigorem.
Hic, fractum COR, Lector, habes, penetrale ſerenæ
Mentis, & innocuæ; per quod, poſt funera paucos
Nunc ſpargit radios animi vigor ultimus, ardor
Verus, & inſtanti, duplicata potentia morte.
Colligat hos, rapiatq́ in concava pectora Candor
Lucidus ingenij; deducetq́ æthere flammas,
Concipietq́ novos æterni luminis ignes.

GVLIEL. HAYDOCI.

TO THE VERTVOVS *and Religious Gentle-*

woman my much esteemed friend Mistrisse ANNE ASHTON, be health and happinesse heere and hereafter.

Worthy Mistresse,

THE *acknowledgement of your favours shall be my meanest thankes, and*

and to thanke you for those favours, must bee my best acknowledgement, I can doe no more, I will doe no lesse. Nor have I any better meanes to shew my owne living gratefullnesse, then by coupling it with my dead Sons thankfullnesse, and by reviving his, to enliven my owne, and to testifie both to posterity, by this small memoriall. Neither is it unsutable

that

that his ſtudy ſhould yeeld ſome matter of thankfullneſſe after his death, who in his life time ſtudied to be thankfull to you his moſt deſerving friend. Which gave me (his ſad Father) a fit hint to Dedicate theſe his laſt Meditations *to your ſelfe, to whoſe name and worth, he meditated and intended, to raiſe a fairer Monument, had hee lived. This prevented,*

what

what remaineth, but that this remnant cloathe his thankfullnes as farre as it can, and supply the necessitated defect of his uneffected purpose. These collected out of loose papers, seeme to bee wrought in some sodaine temperate heate of his honest fantasie, and hammered on the anvill of objected occasions, and being forged roughly into these shapes, were cast a cooling

ling into the next paper that came to hand: and so wanting filing and poliſhing, muſt crave pardon for their ruder forme. They aſſume their greateſt worth and value from your courteous acceptance, and accompt it their chiefeſt happineſſe, if, for them, you love his memory while you live, who endeavoured to make your memory out-live your ſelfe. This if you deigne

deigne to doe you shall much comfort the sadnesse of

Your assured and

devoted friend

ARTHVR WARVVICK.

RESOLVED *Meditations* AND PREMEDITATED Resolutions.

The Second part.

WHen one aſcends from the ground to an higher roome, I obſerve with what

what contempt he insults and tramples on the ſtaires by which he riſeth, and how he firſt and moſt durteth that ſtep by which hee firſt ſtepped from the durt. Which putteth mee in minde of the practice of the aſpiring ambitious, who, to get up to their wiſhed height of honour, bedurt with ſcorne, and neglect thoſe by whoſe ſhoulders they were firſt mounted, and exalted. I hate that ambition which inforceth ingratitude; which, being the

the baſeſt of vices, cannot but ſoyle, and diſgrace a man graced with ſuch honours. I am not preferr'd with honour, if debaſed with ingratitude.

HE that will not bee perſwaded to leape downe from an high chamber at once, commeth willingly downe by the ſtayres: and yet the declining degrees of his winding deſcent make it not leſſe downeward to him, but leſſe per-

perceived of him. His leape might have brought him downe ſooner, it could not have brought him downe lower. As I am then fearefull to act great ſinnes, ſo I will bee carefull to avoid ſmall ſinnes. Hee that contemn's a ſmall fault commits a great one. I ſee many drops make a ſhower: and what difference is it, whether I bee wet either in the raine, or in the river, if both be to the skinne? There is ſmall benefit in the choyce, whither wee

we go downe to Hell by degrees or at once.

THE gentle and harmeleſſe ſheepe being conſcious of their owne innocency, how patiently, how quietly, doe they receive the knife, either on the altar, or in the ſhambles? How ſilently and undaunted doe they meet death and give it entrance with ſmall reſiſtance? When the filthie loathſome and harmefull ſwine roare horribly

horribly at the first handling, and with an hideous crying reluctancy, are haled, and held to the slaughter. This seemes some cause to mee, why wicked men (conscious of their filthy lives, and nature) so tremble at the remembrances, startle at the name, and with horrour roare at the approach of death: when the godly quietly uncloathe themselves of their lives, and make small difference twixt a naturall nights short sleepe, and the long sleepe of nature.

nature. I will pray not to come to an untimely violent death, I will not violently resist death at the time when it commeth. I will expect and waite my change with patience, imbrace it with cheerefullnesse, and never feare it as a totall privation.

IT is no small fault to be bad, and seeme so: it is a greater fault to seeme good, and not bee so: The cloake of dissimulation is a maine part

part of the garment ſpotted with the fleſh. A vice thus covered is worſe then a naked offence. There is no divell to the Hypocrite.

WHen I ſee the Larkers day-net ſpread out in a faire morning, and himſelfe whirling his artificiall motion, and obſerve how by the reflecting luſtre of the Sunne on the wheeling inſtrument, not onely the merry Larke, and feare-

full

full Pigeon are dazeled, and drawne with admiration; but ſtowter birds of prey, the ſwift Merlin, and towring Hobbie are inticed to ſtoope, and gazing on the outward forme, looſe themſelves. Me thinks I ſee the divels nightnets of inticing harlots fully paraleld, ſpread out for us in the vigour of our youth; which with rowling eyes draw on the luſtfullneſſe of affection, and betray the wantonneſſe of the heart, and with their alluring glances

often make to ſtoope within danger of their fatall nets, not onely the ſimple and careleſſe, but others alſo, men otherwiſe wary and wiſe: who comming within the pull of the net lie at the mercy of that mercileſſe fowler, to their certaine deſtruction. Hence I reſolve when I ſee ſuch glaſſes, to ſhunne ſuch motions, as aſſured that thoſe glaſſes have nets adjoyning; thoſe nets a fowler attending; that fowler a death prepared for mee, then which

I cannot die a worſe. I may by chance, I muſt by neceſſity, at ſometime come within their view: I will at no time come within their danger. I cannot well live in this world, and not ſee them at all. I cannot live well in this world, nor at all in the better world, if I bee caught in their fatall nets.

THere bee that make it their glory to feed high, and *fare deliciously every day*, and to maintaine their bodies elementary, search the elements, the earth, sea, and aire, to maintaine the fire of their appetites. They that thus make *their bellies their gods*, doe *make their glory their shame*. I distaste a sordid diet as unwholsome, I care not to taste and feed on variety of delicates as unhealthfull

healthfull. Nature contented with a few things, is cloyed, and quelled with over-many: and *digestion* her cooke imployed in the concoction of so much variety at once, leaves the stomacke too fowle a kitchin for health to abide in. Since then so to feed may the sooner end my life, and the end of my life is not so to feed, I will bee taught by *Grace* not to live to eat, but eat to live; and maintaine health by a competent diet, not surfet with excesse.

HE that too much admires the glory of a Princes Court, and drawne up thither (by his ambition) thinks high places to bee the highest happinesse; let him view the foggie mists, the moist vapours, and light exhalations drawne up from the earth by the attractive power of the glorious Sunne-beames: which when they are at highest, either spend themselves there in portending

tending meteors to others terrour and their owne consumption; and either by resolution are turned into raine, or congelation unto hayle or snow, which sinke lower into the earth at their fall, then they were at their ascending. For my part, I may admire such a glowing coale. I will not with the Satyr kisse it. As I thinke it not the least and last praise to please Princes; so, I know, it is not the least danger of times to live with them. *Procul*

a Iove, procul a fulmine. Hee presumes too much of his owne brightnesse that thinkes to shine cleere neere the Sunne; where, if his light bee his owne, it must bee obscured by comparison: if borrowed from the Sunne, then is it not his, but an others glory. A candle in the nights obscurity shewes brighter than a torch at noone-day. And *Cæsar* thought it a greater glory to bee the first man in some obscure towne, than the second man in *Rome* the head

head City of the world.

IT is a common cuſtome (but a lewd one) of them that are common lewd ones, by cuſtome, to wound the fame, and taint the reputation of their neighbours with ſlanders; and having no leſſe impotency in their tongues, than impurity in their hearts, forme both opinions and cenſures according to the mould of evill in themſelves. And this they

doe either with the Lapwing to divert, by their false cries, the travelling stranger from finding the nest of their filthinesse, or with the curtold Fox in the Fable, to endevour to have all foxes cur-tayld; or, with the fish Sepia, to darken with the pitchie inke of aspersions, all the water of the neighbourhood, that so themselves may scape the net of Censure, justly cast to catch them. Or els, to have themselves thought as good as any other, they will not have

have any thought good, that dwells neere them. I will therefore ſuſpect him as ſcarce honeſt, who would (with a ſlander) make mee ſuſpect an other as diſhoneſt. I will not preſently diſreſpect him as diſhoneſt, whom a lewd perſon diſhoneſteth with ſuſpition. The divell is not more blacke-mouth'd then a ſlanderer; nor a ſlanderer leſſe malicious then the divell.

When

WHen I see the Sun rising from the East in glory, like a gyant ready for the course, within an houres space obscured with mists, darkned with clowds, and sometimes ecclipsed with the Moones inferiour body: and however, without these, after noone declining, descending, setting, and buried under our Horizon; I seeme to see an earthly King mounting

ting his throne in glory, yet ſoone clouded with cares, and feare of dangers: ſometime darkned in honour by the malicious envy of his ſubjects; ſometimes ecclipſed in his dominions by the interpoſition of forraigne powers; and however, without theſe, in a ſhort time deſcending and ſetting at the evening of his life, and ſeldome paſſing the whole day thereof in perfect continuall glory. Then thinke I, O the odds of comfort in that heaven-

ly

ly and these earthly kingdomes; O the comfort of this odds; There each Saint is a glorious King; each King hath his incorruptible Crowne; each Crowne a boundlesse, fearelesse, endlesse Kingdome. Let mee strive for the glory of such a Kingdome onely, which is a Kingdome of such glory.

Felices animæ quibus
hæc cognoscere sola,
Inq; domos superûm
scandere, cura fuit.

The

THE Lawes in themſelves are the ſcales of juſtice, the wronged poore-mans ſhelter, the pillars of the Common-wealth: but the abuſed practice makes thoſe ſcales unequall, that poore-mans ſhelter a mans poore ſhelter for his wrongs. The proofe of this, appeares with the Juries at the Aſſiſes in their proofes: when one may often diſcerne *perjury* uſher in the evidence to

to the jury, and injury follow with the verdict, I admire with reverence the iuſtice and wiſedome of the Lawes: I deplore with compaſſion the abuſed practice of the Lawes, and reſolve, rather to beare with patience an hayle-ſhower of injuries, than to ſeeke ſhelter at ſuch a thicket, where the brambles ſhall plucke off my fleece, and doe me more hurt by ſcratching, than the ſtorme would have done by hayling. I care not for that phyſicke, where the reme-

dy

dy is worſe then the diſeaſe.

HOw cunningly doth the Prince of darkeneſſe take on him the forme of an Angell of light? How often have ſeeming ſaints prooved divels? even in thoſe things (lightly) moſt faulty, which they make a ſhew of being moſt free from: Some more proud of being thought plaine, then a flaunting gallant in his new faſhion. Others refuſing a deſer-

deserved commendation, onely with a desire to bee commended for refusing it: The one hating pride with a more proud hatred, the other shunning praise with a greater vaine glory. It is bad to have vices, worse to dissemble them. *Plato* possessed his rich bed with lesse pride then *Diogenes* trampled on it.

I

I Meet sometimes with men whose crazed braines seeme soldered with quick-silver; whose actions straines run onely in odd crotchets; whose judgements being hood-winkt with their owne opinion, and passion, admit of nought for reason, but what their unreasonable selfe-will dictates to them. And then what they will doe, they will doe; and doe it they will with that torrent of vio-

violence, that overturnes all obstacles of counsell, which crosse their courses. From these I will learne not to make *Will* my Coach-man, unlesse *Reason* runne before to shew the way: And if my action must passe by the waters of uncertaine danger, of all vessels I will not use the *Whirry*. As sloath seldome bringeth actions to good birth: so hasty rashnesse alwaies makes them abortive, ere well formed.

As

AS in vertues, hee that hath one, hath all: so in vices hee that hath one hath seldome one alone. He that will steale, must lie; and hee that will steale, and lye, will sweare his lye; and so easily skrue himselfe up to perjury. Hee that will bee drunke, what will he not be, when hee is drunke? and being slipt downe from the top of reasonable sense, where stoppeth he from tumbling downe into a beastly

beastly sensuality? I will therefore *give the water no passage, no not a little*, least it make a breach, and that breach let in an inundation to drowne the sweet pastures of my soule. I see the divels claw is an entering-wedge, to let in his foot; that foot, his whole body. I will bee carefull to set a *Watch* and *keepe the doore*, that sin may have no admittance. I cannot bee too carefull, so it bee to the purpose; it cannot be to the purpose, if it be too little.

That

THat the *voice of the common people is the voice of GOD*, is the common voice of the people; yet it is as full of falſhood, as commonneſſe. For who ſees not that theſe blacke mouth'd hounds, upon the meere ſent of opinion, as freely ſpend their mouthes in hunting Counter, or like *Actæons* doggs in chaſing an innocent man to death, as if they followed the chaſe of truth

it

it ſelfe, in a freſh ſent. Who obſerves not that the voice of the people, yea of that people that voiced themſelves the people of GOD, did proſecute the GOD of all people, with one common voice, *hee is worthy to die*. I will not therefore ambitiouſly begg their voices for my preferment; nor *weigh* my *worth* in that *uneven ballance*, in which a feather of opinion ſhall be moment enough to turne the ſcales, and make a light peece goe currant, and a currant peece ſeeme light.

There

THere are a lord of much which are kindmen to me, when they expect some kindneſſe from me: who have their hands downe to the ground in their ſalutations, when the ground of their ſalutations is to have a hand at mee in ſome commodity. But their owne ends once ſerved, their kindneſſe hath its end at once: And then it ſeemes ſtrange to mee, how

ſtrange they will ſeeme to grow to mee; as if the cauſe (their deſire) being removed, the effect (their courteſie) muſt ſtraight ceaſe. I will not acknowledge ſuch my friends, but their owne; and when ever I ſee ſuch inſinuating palpation, I will bethinke mee what the authors would have of me. And with a thrifty diſcretion, rather deny ſuch their requeſts, then in a prodigall kindnes become their friend more then mine owne.

I See a number of gallants every where, whose incomes come in yearely by set numbers, but runne out daily, sans number. I could pitty the cases of such brave men, but that I see them still in brave cases. And when I see them often foxed, me thinke the Proverbe suites those sutes, *What is the fox but his case?* I should thinke them to bee *Entrapelus* his enemies, whom he cloathed

richly to make them spend freely, and grow deboshed. I will doe those men right, and wonder at them, because they desire it. I will not wrong my selfe to envie at them, because they deserve it not, not to pitty them, because they scorne it. I know that gorgeous apparell is an ornament to grace the Court, for the glory of the Kingdome, but it is no ornament usefull in the Kingdome of *Grace*, nor needfull in the Kingdome of Glory. A rich coate

coate may bee commendable in the *Accidents of armory* onely, but it is not the onely substance of a commendable Gentleman. I will value the apparell, by the worthinesse of the wearer; I will not value the worthinesse of the wearer, by the worth of his apparell. *Adam* was most gallantly apparelled, when he was innocently naked.

THE men of moſt credit in our time, are the Uſurers. For they credit moſt men: And though their greateſt ſtudy bee *ſecurity*, yet it is uſually their fortune to be fulleſt of *care*. Time is pretious to them: For they thinke a day broke to them, is worth a broke-age from their creditor. Yet this they finde by uſe, that as they have much profit by putting out, ſo muſt they have much

much care to get it in. For debtors are of *Themistocles* his minde, and take not so much care how to repay all, as how they may not pay at all their creditors, and make this their first resolution, how they may make no resolution at all. I envy not therefore the Usurers gaines, but considering they (as Merchant-adventurers) send abroad their estates in uncertaine vessels, sometime into the bankrupt rivers of prodigality, and unthriftinesse, sometimes into the seas

of casualities, and misfortunes, that many times their principall comes short home, I thinke, with my selfe, Let them gaine much by the adventure, that adventure so much to gaine. I will make this use of those uses, as to claime no interest in their gaines, *nor to owe any thing to any man but love.* If I lend where need is, and receive my *principall* againe, I will accompt that my principall gaine, and thinke my courtesie but a commanded charity.

INgratitude is the character of an ill nature in our selves, a canker of friendship with others, and the very poyson that kills charity in the embrio, being but newly conceived in the pregnant mindes of good men; and causing an abortion of liberality, ere it comes to its intended birth. For who will sow those barren sands, where hee knowes hee must not onely not ex-

pect a good harveſt, but bee ſure to looſe his ſeed and labour? Yet in theſe times what is more common or more practiſed then this ingratitude? For in receiving benefits, who will not (with *Enclio* in *Plautus*) finde a third hand to reach out to take them? But in requiting, who is not more maymed then the ſtatua's of *Mercury*, which *Alcibiades* ſo mangled that he ſcarce left them a finger to point out the way to travellers? It is ten to one, but wee all

all desire to be cured of the leprosies of our wants: yet scarce one of ten of us returnes to give thankes for the cure. I will not thinke my selfe so inriched by receiving a courtesie, as ingaged to bee thanke-full for it. I am not left a free man at my liberty, by taking a mans free liberality: but I sell my freedome for his benefits. I cannot deserve to bee gracious with my friend, if, with the *Graces*, I looke not with two faces backe to requite,

as

as well as with one forward to receive.

I Will not much commend others to themselves, I will not at all commend my selfe to others. So to praise any to their faces, is a kinde of flattery: but to praise my selfe to any is the height of folly. He that boasts his own praises, speakes ill of himselfe, and much derogates from his true desers. It is worthy of blame to affect commendation.

Merrily

MErrily and wittily said *Plautus*, that was one of the merry *Wits* of his time, I would (said hee) by my will have tale-bearers and tale-hearers punished the one hanging by the tongue, the other by the eares. Were his will a law in force with us, many a tatling gossip would have her *vowels* turned to *mutes*, and bee justly tongue-tied that desires to bee tied

tyed by the teeth at your table: wherewith *Tho-mirus* his tooth shee gnaweth on the good-name of her neighbour: And many a hungry *Paret*, whose belly is his *arts*-master, would cease to second his *ave* to his Lord with depraving tales called *newes*, and make his *grace* after dinner the disgrace of some innocent: And most men would give them course entertainment, that come to entertaine their eares with discourse of defamative reports. I will be silent and barren of dis-

course

course, when I chance to heare a tale, rather then go with child therewith, till anothers eares be my mid-wife, to deliver me of such a deformed monster. I may heare a tale of delight, and perhaps smile at an innocent jest, I will not jest, nor joy at a tale disgracing an innocent person.

WHen I see a gallant ship well rigged, trimmed, tackled man'd and munition'd

tion'd with her top and top-gallant, and her ſpread ſayles proudly ſwelling with a full gale in faire weather, putting out of the haven into the ſmooth maine, and drawing the ſpectators eyes, with a well-wiſhing admiration, and ſhortly heare of the ſame ſhip ſplitted againſt ſome dangerous rock, or wracked by ſome diſaſterous tempeſt, or ſunk by ſome leake ſprung in her by ſome accident, me ſeemeth I ſee the caſe of ſome Court favourite, who to day like *Sejanus* dazeleth

dazeleth all mens eyes with the splendour of his glory; and with the proud and potent beake of his powerfull prosperity cutteth the waves and plowes through the presse of the vulgar, and scorneth to feare some *remora* at his keele, or any crosse winds from above, and yet to morrow on some stormes of unexpected disfavour, springs a leake in his honour, and sinkes on the Syrtes of disgrace, or dashed against the rookes of displeasure is splitted and wrack'd

wrack'd in the *Charibdis* of infamy, and so concludes his voyage in misery and misfortune. I will not therefore adventure with the greedy shepheard to change my sheepe into a ship of *adventure*, on the sight of a calme sea.

Vt pelago suadente, etiam retinacula solvas,
Multa tamen latus tristia pontus habet.

I will study to deserve my Princes favour, I will not desire to bee a Princes *favourite*. If I fall whence I am, I can raise my selfe, but to bee

bee caſt downe thence were to be cruſhed with a deſperate downe-fall. I preferre a mediocrity, though obſcure, yet ſafe, before a greater eminency with a farre greater danger.

WHen a ſtorme drives mee to ſhelter mee under a tree, I finde that if the ſtorme bee little, the tree defends mee, but if the ſtorme bee great, the tree not onely not defends mee, but pow-

reth

reth on mee that wet which it selfe had received, and so maketh mee much wetter. Hence instructed, I resolve that if improvidently I fall into some small danger of the lawes, I will presume to seeke shelter under the armes of some potent friend, but if the tempest of my trouble bee too potent for my friend, I will rather beare all my selfe, then involve my friend in the danger. It would bee bad enough for mee to bee drencht with or distrest by the storme

storme of the lawes anger onely; It would be worse to be drowned with the anger of my storming friend also. My conscience of my ill deserving towards the lawes would inforce a patience: my remembrance of my well-deserving to my friend would make the just addition of his anger intollerable.

Content

CONtent is the marke wee all ayme at, the *chiefe good* and top of felicity, to which all mens actions ſtrive to aſcend: But it is ſolely proper to GODS wiſedome to ingroſſe all true content into his owne hands, that hee may ſell it to Saints by retaile, and inforce all men to buy it of him or want it. Hence is it that a godly man in his meane eſtate, enjoyes more content in GOD,

GOD, then a King or Emperour in his earthly glory and magnificence. I will then strive to purchase me a *patent* of content from him that hath the *Monopolie* thereof: and then, if I have little in estate, I shall have much in content. *Godliness shall bee my great riches, whiles I am contented with what I have.*

As

AS in the greater world for man, ſo in the little world of man, as in the outward riches of the one, ſo in the inner treaſures of the other, many poſſeſſe much and enjoy but little, many have much, and uſe but little, others uſe much, and but little well. I ſhall not ſo much endevour to have much where-withall to doe, as to doe much, with that little I have. It ſhall not ſo much greeve

greeve mee, that I am a poore *treasurer*, as joy me, if I have beene a good steward. I could wish I had more to use well; but more wish well to use that I have. If hee were so blamed that imployed not one talent well, what would become of me, if I had ten, and abused them?

POpular applause, and vulgar opinion may blow up and mount upward the bubble of a vaine-glorious minde, till it burst in the ayre, and vanish: But a wise man builds his glory on the strong foundation of *virtue*, without expecting or respecting the slender props of vulgar opinion. I will not *neglect* what *every one thinkes of mee*; For that were *impudent dissolutenesse*. I will not make

make it my common care, to hearken how I am cared for of the common sort, and bee over-sollicitous *what every one speakes of mee*, For that were a toyleſome vanity. I may doe well and heare ill: And that's a *Kingly happineſſe*. I may doe ill, and heare well: and that's an hypocrites beſt felicity. My actions ſhall make me harmony in my hearts inner chamber: I will not borrow the *Voyces* of the vulgar to ſweeten my muſique.

THe rancor of malice is the true nature of the Divell, and the ſoule poſſeſſed therewith is his deareſt darling. For where envy, hate, and revenge take up the whole heart, there God hath no roome at all left to *bee in all his thoughts*. I may meet a mad man, and avoid him, I may move a cholericke man, and pacifie him, I may croſſe a furious drun-

kard

kard, and ſhunne him; but a malicious man is more dangerous, implacable, and inevitable then they all. Malice omits no occaſion to doe miſchiefe: and if it miſſe thy body and ſubſtance, it proſecutes thy ſhadow, *Viſam fera ſævit in umbram. My ſoule come not thou into their ſecrets, unto their aſſemblie, mine honour bee not thou united.* I muſt not turne anger out of my nature, I muſt not turne my nature into anger, I muſt *give place to*

Wrath, but not a resting place, but a place to let it passe-by, that I may *let goe displeasure*. I may give entrance to anger on just cause, I may not give it entertainement on any cause, till it fower with the leaven of malice. I must be angry with sin, but I must be *angry and sinne not*.

When

WHen I plant a choyse flower in a fertile soyle, I see nature presently to thrust up with it, the stinging nettle, the stinking hemlocke, the drowzie poppie, and many such noysome weedes, which will either choake my plant with excluding the Sunne, or divert its nourishment to themselves: But if I weed but these at first, my flower thrives to its good-

neſſe and glory. This is alſo my caſe when I endeavour to plant grace in the fertill foyle of a good wit. For luxurious nature thruſts up with it, either ſtinging wrath, or ſtinking wantonneſſe, or drowzie ſloath or ſome other vices, which robb my plant of its deſired flouriſhing. But theſe being firſt pluckt up, the good wit produceth in its time, the faire flower of vertue. I will not therefore think the beſt wits, as they are wits fitteſt to make the

best men, but as they are the best purged best wits. The ground of their goodnesse is not the goodnesse of their wits ground, but the good weeding and cleansing it. I must first *eschew the evill*, ere I can *doe good*, supplant vices, ere I can implant virtue.

AS it is never too soone to bee good: so is it never too late to amend. I will therefore neither neglect the

time present, nor despaire of the time past. If I had beene sooner good, I might perhaps have beene better. If I am longer bad, I shall (I am sure) bee worse. That I have stayed long time idle in the market-place deserves reprehension, but if I am late sent into the vineyard, I have incouragement to worke, *I will give unto this last as unto thee.*

When

WHEN I see the Husbandman well contented with the cold of frost and snow in the Winter, because, though it chilleth the ground, yet it killeth the charlocke, though it checke the wheat somewhat in growing, yet it choaketh the weeds from growing at all: Why should I be mooved at the winter of affliction? Why vexed at the quaking fit of a quartane

quartane ague? Why offended at the cold change of affection in my Summer-friends? If as they seeme bitter to my minde or body, they proove healthfull to my bettered soule. If my wants kill my wantonnesse, my poverty checke my pride, my disrespected sleighting quell my ambition and vaine-glory, and every weed of vice being thus choaked by afflictions winter, my soule may grow fruitfull for heavens harvest. Let my winter bee bitter,

bitter, so that I be gathered with the good corne at reaping time into the LORDS barne.

AS oft as I heare the Robin-red-breſt chaunt it as cheerefully in September, the beginning of Winter, as in March the approach of the Summer, why ſhould not wee (thinke I) give as cheerefull entertainement to the hoary-froſty hayres of our ages winter, as to the

the Prim-roſes of our youths ſpring? Why not to the declining Sunne in adverſity, as (like *Perſians*) to the riſing Sunne of proſperity? I am ſent to the Ant, to learne induſtry; to the Dove, to learne innocency; to the Serpent, to learne wiſedome; And why not to this bird to learne equanimity and patience; and to keepe the ſame tenour of my mindes quietneſſe, as well at the approach of calamities winter, as of the ſpring of happineſſe?

pineſſe? And, ſince the Romans conſtancy is ſo commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, Why ſhould not I, with a Chriſtian reſolution, hold a ſteddy courſe in all weathers, and though I bee forced with croſſe-windes, to ſhift my ſailes, and catch at ſide-windes, yet skilfully to ſteere, and keepe on my courſe, by the *Cape of good hope*, till I arive at the haven of eternall happineſſe?

The

THE ſame water which being liquid is penetrated with an horſe-haire, will beare the horſe himſelfe when it is hard frozen. I muſe not then that thoſe precepts and threats of GODS judgements enter not into the hardned hearts of ſome old men, frozen by the practice of ſinne, which pierce and penetrate deepe into the tender hearts and melting conſciences of younger folks thawed

thawed with the warmth of GODS feare. Hence see I the cause why *the sword of the Word*, so sharpe that it *serveth* in some to *divide the joynts and marrow*, in others glaunceth or reboundeth without dint or wound, from their cristall frozen and adamantine hearts. I cannot promise my selfe to bee free from sinne, I were then no man: but I will purpose in my selfe to bee free from hardnesse of heart, by custome and continuance in sinne, I may

erre in my way, I will not perſiſt and goe on in my errours, till I cannot returne againe into my way. I may ſtumble, I may fall, but I will not lye ſtill when I am fallen.

WHen I ſee two Game-cocks at firſt ſight, without premeditated malice fight deſperatly and furiouſly, the one to maintaine the injury offered, the other to revenge the injury received by the firſt

first blow, and to maintaine this quarrell, not onely dye the pit with their blood, but die in the pit with their mutuall bloody wounds, mee thinkes I see the succesſe of thoſe duëllers of our time; which being ambitious of *Achilles* his praiſe. *Pelidis juvenis cedere neſcij*, deſperatly and furiouſly adventure their lives heere, and indanger their ſoules heereafter, onely for the vaine termes of falſe honour. I will not ſay but that being fleſh and blood I may

may bee careleſſe of my fleſh and blood to revenge injurious indignities offered mee: yet ſince as a tenant my ſoule muſt anſwer her Landlord for reparations of the houſe ſhee dwels in, and I haye no warrant of GOD or man for ſuch revenge, I will not kill my owne ſoule to kill an other mans body. I will not pull the houſe of my body on my ſoules head in a fury, that GOD may make them both fuell for the fury of hell fire.

When

WHen I view *the Heavens declaring the glory of GOD, and the firmament shewing his handy worke*, and consider that each little numbred Starre even of the sixth magnitude, containeth the earths dimension 18. times in bignesse by Astronomers conclusions, I easily descend to consider the great difference of earthly mens glory, and that weight of glory afforded the Saints

Saints in Heaven. For what a poore ambition is it to bee the best man in a City? What's a City to a Shire? What a Shire to the whole Island? What this Island to the Continent of Europe? What Europe to the whole Earth? What that Earth to a Starre? What that Starre to Heaven? and that to the Heaven of Heavens? And so by a retrogradation how little? How nothing is this poore glory? I finde many which say, *hoc nihil est aliquid*

aliquid: I finde in my selfe cause to say, *hoc aliquid nihil est*. If I needs will bee somebody by my ambition, I will bee ambitious to bee ranged with the Saints in Heaven rather then ranked with the Kings on earth: since *the least in the Kingdome of Heaven is greater then they*.

I Saw once a Jerfalcon det flie at an Heron, and observed with what clamour the Heron entertain'd the sight and approach of the Hawke, and with what winding shift hee strave to get above her, labouring even by bemuting his enemies feathers to make her flagge-winged and so escape: but when at last they must needs come to a necessitated encounter, resuming courage out of

of necessity hee turned face against her, and striking the Hawke through the gorge with his bill fell downe dead together with his dead enemie. This sight seemed to me the event of a great sute in Law, where one trusting to his causes potency more then his causes equity, endeavours to disinherit his stubborne neighbour by colourable titles to his land. Here may you heare the clamorous obloquies of the wronged and see the many

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turnings and winding *Meanders* in the Law sought out to get above his adversary. And lastly when the issue must come to tryall, oftentimes in the grapple they both sinke to beggery by the Law, whiles lawfully they seeke to get above each other. Hence warned against potent enemies I will alway pray, LORD. *make mee not a prey unto their teeth*; and against an equall or inferiour I will not borrow the lawes extreme right to doe him

extreme

extreme wrong: nor fall to law with any body till I fall by law to bee no body. I will not doe that to have my will, which will undoe my selfe of what I have by my wilfullnesse.

THE Psalmist doth not slander the slanderers, when in a good description of their bad natures, hee saith, *their throat is an open sepulcher, &c. the poyson of Aspes is under*

their lippes. For what more loathſome ſtench, and noiſome ſmells can a new opened ſepulcher belch out, then theſe venimous open throated ſlanderers? And well may their lips containe the poyſon of *Aſpes*, of which *Lucan* ſaith, *in nulla plus eſt ſerpente veneni*, when a few words of theirs ſhall (like a Witches ſpell) charme and ſtrike dead a mans deereſt reputation. I will therefore indeavour to make my actions of that vertue, that as an antidote

of *Mithridates* his best confection, they may repell the worst infection those Serpents shall spit at mee. And albeit I cannot bee free from their assaults (from which none is freed) yet I will not with *Cleopatra* set those *Aspes* so neere my heart that they may stop my vitall spirits with their poyson. And since I must passe through this *Africa* of monsters and harmefull beasts, I will carefully feare and shunne the worst of tame beasts the *flatterer*,

and of wild beasts the *slanderer*.

MEditation is a busie search in the store-house of fantasie for some Idea's of matters, to bee cast in the moulds of resolution into some formes of words or actions; In which search when I have used my greatest diligence, I finde this in the conclusion, that to meditate on the Best is the best of Meditations:

tions: and a resolution to make a good end is a good end of my resolutions.

I Saw once a Jerfalcon let flie at an Heron, and obſerved with what clamour the Heron entertain'd the ſight and approach of the Hawke, and with what winding ſhift hee ſtrave to get above her, labouring even by bemuting his enemies feathers to make her flagge-winged and ſo eſcape: but when at laſt they muſt needs come to a neceſſitated encounter, reſuming courage out of

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extreme wrong: nor fall to law with any body till I fall by law to bee no body. I will not doe that to have my will, which will undoe my ſelfe of what I have by my wilfullneſſe.

THE Pſalmiſt doth not ſlander the ſlanderers, when in a good deſcription of their bad natures, hee ſaith, *their throat is an open ſepulcher, &c. the poyſon of Aſpes is under*

their lippes. For what more loathsome stench, and noisome smells can a new opened sepulcher belch out, then these venimous open throated slanderers? And well may their lips containe the poyson of *Aspes*, of which *Lucan* saith, *in nulla plus est serpente veneni*, when a few words of theirs shall (like a Witches spell) charme and strike dead a mans dearest reputation. I will therefore indeavour to make my actions of that vertue, that as an antidote

of *Mithridates* his best confection, they may repell the worst infection those Serpents shall spit at mee. And albeit I cannot bee free from their assaults (from which none is freed) yet I will not with *Cleopatra* set those *Aspes* so neere my heart that they may stop my vitall spirits with their poyson. And since I must passe through this *Africa* of monsters and harmefull beasts, I will carefully feare and shunne the worst of tame beasts the *flatterer*,

and of wild beasts the *slanderer.*

MEditation is a busie search in the store-house of fantasie for some Idea's of matters, to bee cast in the moulds of resolution into some formes of words or actions; In which search when I have used my greatest diligence, I finde this in the conclusion, that to meditate on the Best is the best of Meditations:

tions: and a resolution to make a good end is a good end of my resolutions.

A Meditation of the Authors found written before a Sermon of his for EASTER-day.

MY heart a matter good indites; O then
LORD make my tongue a ready writers pen:

That ſo aßiſted by thy graces art,
Thy grace unto the world I may impart:
So raiſe my thoughts, my willing minde ſo bleſſe,
That I thy glorious Riſing *may expreſſe.*
And rayſ'd from death of ſinfull ignorance,
Thy ſelfe-advancing power may advance.
And if my ſimple willingneſſe wants skill,
Thou mad'ſt mee willing; LORD accept my will.

An

An other written before a Sermon of his on the LI. Pſalme, verſe 1.

LORD guide my tongue, that covets to declare,
How great my ſinnes, how good thy mercies are.

I both would ſhew, and yet ſo great is either,
That whil'ſt I both would ſhew, I can ſhew neither.
They both are infinite, they both began
Ere I beginning had or ſhape of man.
Where then ſhall I begin, with hope to ſhew
How great both are, who both exceeding know?
Mercy ſtill pardons, ſin doth ſtill offend,
And being endleſſe both, where ſhall I end?

Thou

Thou firſt and laſt, whoſe Mercy *heale my ſin,*

Thou first and last, whose Mercy *heale my sin,*
Show mee to end, and teach mee to begin.

The

The laſt thing the Author wrote a few daies before his death.

A Bubble broke, its aire looſeth,
By which loſſe the bubble's loſt,
Each froſt the faireſt flowers brooſeth
Whoſe lives vaniſh with that froſt.
Then wonder not we die, if life be ſuch,
But rather wonder whence it is we live ſo much.

But rather wonder whence it is we ſo much.

Tales long or ſhort, whether offending
Or well pleaſing have their end.
The glaſſe runnes, yet the ſet-time ending
Every atom doth deſcend.
If life be ſuch (as ſuch life is 'tis ſure)
When tales and times find ends why ſhould life ſtill indure?

This

This world is but a walke of paine
That ha's onely end by death.
This life's a warre in which we gaine
Conqueſt by the loſſe of breath.
Who would not warfare and travels ceaſe
To live at home in reſt, and reſt at home in peace?

Nothing

Nothing here but constant paines
Or unconstant pleasures be:
Worthlesse treasures, loosing gaines,
Scantie store, chaind liberty.
If life affoord the best no better fate,
How welcome is that death, that betters that bad state?

What's

What's the earth when trimmeſt dreſt
To that criſtall ſpangled dwelling?
Yet the Saint in glory leaſt
Is in glory farre excelling.
Glorious Redeemer *let this earth of mine*
Thy glorious body ſee and in thy glory ſhine.

Oft

Oft I ſee the darkſome night
To a glorious day returning:
As oft doth ſleepe intombe my ſight,
Yet I wake againe at morning...
Bright Sunne *returne, when ſleepe hath ſpent deaths night,*
That theſe dimne eyes of mine may in thy light ſee light.

FINIS.

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THO: WYKES.

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